1. What meane you sir?

Per. To beg of you (kinde friends) this coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King,
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraigns Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then rest your debter.

1. VVhy, wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why take it, and the gods giue thee good an't.

2. But hearke you my friend, t'was we that made vp this garment through the rough seames of the waters: there are certain condolements, certaine vailes; I hope sir, if you thriue, you'l remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeue it I will:
By your furtherance I am cloathd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe.
Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the gazer ioy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a payre of Bases.

2. Wee'l sure prouide, thou shalt haue
My best gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Liege, and stay your comming,
To present themselues.

King. Returne them, we are ready, and our daughter heere,
In honour of whose birth, these triumphs are,
Sits here like beauties childe, whom Nature gat,
For

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall father) to expresse
My commendations great, whose merits lesse.

King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are
A modell which heauen makes like it selfe:
As Iewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes, if not respected:
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thai. Which to preserue mine honour, Ile performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. VVho is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne;
The word; *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loues you well, that holds his life of you.

The second Knight.

VVho is the second, that presents himselfe?

Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall Father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady.
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per doleera keeper forsa.*

The third Knight.

King. And what's the third?

Thal. The third of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreathe of Chiualry: the word, *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

The fourth Knight.

King. VVhat is the fourth?

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word; *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

King. VVhich shewes that beauty hath his power and will,
VVhich can as well enflame, as it can kill.

The fift Knight.

Thal. The fift, an hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone tride: